

HOUSTON DAILY POST.

Houston Printing Company.

Subscription rates: Daily Post, 10 cents per week; Monthly Post, \$2.50 per month; Six Months Post, \$12.50 per six months; One Year Post, \$22.50 per year.

Foreign Offices: London, Boston, New York, San Francisco, etc.

Telephone Numbers: Editorial, 41; Business, 124.

THE CITY.

The Post is delivered to any part of the city by carriers at 10 cents per month; three months, \$2.50; six months, \$4.50; one year, \$8.00.

Mr. Theodore Bering has charge of the City Circulation and Collecting.

Members Theodore Bering and Charles Lett are the authorized collectors of all city bills.

No orders for goods or services given by the management and none will be accepted in payment of office bills.

Subscribers failing to receive the paper regularly will please notify the office promptly.

Substitution by Salesmen. It is the habit among some salesmen to endeavor to persuade customers into buying something else than things asked for.

A mass meeting, to which the ladies are especially invited, will convene at the parlors of the Hutchins house tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock to perfect arrangements for the Texas Fruit, Flower and Vegetable festival.

Such an entertainment will not only attract thousands of Texas people to the city, but it will be an inducement for the railroads leading into Texas from other States to give such rates as will bring hundreds of visitors who will find Texas a suitable and profitable section in which to reside permanently.

The day is not far distant when train loads of fruits and vegetables will go from Texas to supply the wants of Northern markets in the winter season.

The showing which can with proper effort be made will surprise our home people and be a revelation to those who will come to see us from the North.

Every loyal Houstonian is urged to lend his or her aid to this valuable movement.

TEN PAGES.

TEXAS F. F. AND V. FESTIVAL.

Harper's Weekly in an article, "The Need of Education in the South," concludes that there is also much to do on the same lines in the North and West.

The South is especially in need of a higher education of its public man. It says:

"The reason for speaking especially of the South is that in respect to its public men, it has fallen far behind the North, and the contrast between its political life and that of the North is a striking one."

It is becoming an interesting question whether Spain intends to "jolly" Uncle Sam along, with a new policy to the same old, or whether a change at Madrid really means something.

Public office is a public trust.—Grover Cleveland.

Public office is a family snap.—William McKinley.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer says that yellow Jack seems to be pretty thoroughly blocked. It is evident, so says the Plain Dealer, that he can't get by the alert Southern tacks.

What shall women wear? is being asked. This can be worked out by proportion. See what relation the pocketbook bears to the price of the bonnet and the quotient will equal what is left.

They say the Marlborough baby looks powerfully like mamma. Anything to look like Papa Vanderbilt—it is millions in it to the kid.

The New Haven Register says: "Hades must be like a hot hotel in the crowded season." The author of this must have been assigned to a north room in a Galveston hostelry.

Indians have set up a claim to 120 acres of ground in the heart of Chicago. Where does Street Car Magnate Yerkes come in? He owns Chicago.

A war between the asphalt paving companies is on in Pittsburgh, much to the gratification of the taxpayers. We are willing this war should spread even to Houston.

Squire Pat McDonald, editor of the Frankfort (Ky.) Argus, was cowardly by a woman because he had in his paper alluded to her as a cat. Me-ow!

Removal of Sam Houston. An effort is being made by Tennesseans to have the remains of General Sam Houston removed from their present resting place at Huntsville, Texas, to Nashville, Tenn., where a handsome monument will be erected to his memory.

Remains of Sam Houston. The remains of General Sam Houston have lain in the cemetery at Huntsville, Tenn., since his death there by a plain marble slab and a common wooden casket. The question of making his remains rest in a more fitting place will be discussed at a meeting of the representatives of the State.

Will Not Advertise. Advertisements are quite acceptable to their publishers, but they will not accept the advertising of those who are engaged in the sale of goods or services which are prohibited by law.

government in that country while acknowledging the sovereignty of Spain and probably paying to her an annual tribute. Since this last uprising, Spain has sent 118,000 soldiers, 31 cannon and an ample supply of war munitions to Cuba. The loss of life has been immense with only the result now that Spain, by the very proposition of autonomy, admits that she has not the power to conquer a peace in that unhappy land. It is clear that she is seeking only some status down which her pride may descend without offending her dignity. The proposition stands this way. She in effect says to Cuba: "We have done our utmost by fire, sword and by open and secret murder to overcome you and have failed. Our young men have died by thousands of disease, our treasury is empty, our debt has been mightily increased, and at last we are helpless. We can not conquer you, that is plain, but then, we are your mother. If you will still call yourself a Spanish colony and on Christmas day will agree to send your old mother a present, we will take away our soldiers and permit you to work out your own salvation."

Cuba ought not to accept any such proposition.

In agreeing to submit the electric light proposition to the people the Houston city council acted with wisdom and exhibited the proper consideration for the well established principles of local self-government. The people are entitled to express themselves on a matter of such vital importance, and the council very wisely and with propriety recognized that right.

Mayor Rice, too, is to be commended for the broad and liberal spirit shown in his timely remarks on the subject. The issue is now with the people, and the responsibility will rest on their shoulders.

Southern Alaska, is fast becoming civilized. A murder and a suicide have been recorded.

Here is an extremely encouraging item from the New Orleans Times-Democrat: "The balance of trade in our favor still continues favorable. If the excess of exports over imports for the fiscal year ending June 30 was the greatest ever known, the returns for August being any month in our history. The exports increased to \$74,000,000 as compared with \$68,000,000 for the previous August; and the imports were small, due to the Dingley bill to some extent, the result being a balance in our favor that is an excess of exports over imports of \$4,953,000, an amount of \$1,322,000 last year. This result is due, of course, to the heavy demand for our cereals, resulting from the shortness of the European crop."

Office-holders are fast finding out that civil service rules, like all other rules, work both ways.

The following sensible order has been issued by Mayor Carter Harrison of Chicago: "It is a common occurrence for officers in the police courts to characterize prisoners in a sweeping way with being 'thieves,' 'associates of thieves,' etc. You will please request the various commanding officers to notify their men that any officer making such charges against citizens must be prepared to prove them, and that dismissal will follow failure to observe this warning."

A Houston swain who has been fitted says his girl did not give him the mitten. It was a boxing glove.

Henri Watterson says the editor who wrote the Courier-Journal editorials in 1897 which favored silver was crazy. It was evidently contagious, as the average Kentucky democrat has come to the conclusion that Henri has some wheels revolving in his own cranium.

The Massachusetts wheelmen have determined to elect a senator of their own and will come mighty near doing it.

Women being much handsier with brooms than men probably accounts for the appointment of a woman as superintendent of street cleaning in Chicago. But how can she wear the regulation uniform of blue pants and a yellow jacket?

Culprits are inclined to the belief that thirteen is an unlucky number when they have to face a judge and twelve jurymen.

It is becoming an interesting question whether Spain intends to "jolly" Uncle Sam along, with a new policy to the same old, or whether a change at Madrid really means something.

Public office is a public trust.—Grover Cleveland.

Public office is a family snap.—William McKinley.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer says that yellow Jack seems to be pretty thoroughly blocked. It is evident, so says the Plain Dealer, that he can't get by the alert Southern tacks.

What shall women wear? is being asked. This can be worked out by proportion. See what relation the pocketbook bears to the price of the bonnet and the quotient will equal what is left.

They say the Marlborough baby looks powerfully like mamma. Anything to look like Papa Vanderbilt—it is millions in it to the kid.

The New Haven Register says: "Hades must be like a hot hotel in the crowded season." The author of this must have been assigned to a north room in a Galveston hostelry.

Indians have set up a claim to 120 acres of ground in the heart of Chicago. Where does Street Car Magnate Yerkes come in? He owns Chicago.

A war between the asphalt paving companies is on in Pittsburgh, much to the gratification of the taxpayers. We are willing this war should spread even to Houston.

Squire Pat McDonald, editor of the Frankfort (Ky.) Argus, was cowardly by a woman because he had in his paper alluded to her as a cat. Me-ow!

Removal of Sam Houston. An effort is being made by Tennesseans to have the remains of General Sam Houston removed from their present resting place at Huntsville, Texas, to Nashville, Tenn., where a handsome monument will be erected to his memory.

Remains of Sam Houston. The remains of General Sam Houston have lain in the cemetery at Huntsville, Tenn., since his death there by a plain marble slab and a common wooden casket. The question of making his remains rest in a more fitting place will be discussed at a meeting of the representatives of the State.

Will Not Advertise. Advertisements are quite acceptable to their publishers, but they will not accept the advertising of those who are engaged in the sale of goods or services which are prohibited by law.

CONFEDERATE POSTMASTER.

Chicago Times-Herald. When George succeeded from the Union Dink Jenkins was the postmaster at Cottonville, which was then a little hamlet of a dozen houses.

Jenkins was a young fellow, about 25 years old, and he was assisted in the post-office by his wife, a pretty little woman who was very popular in the settlement.

The office occupied a front room in the Jenkins cottage, which was surrounded by a well-tilled farm, just large enough to support the postmaster and his wife.

Following the example of the other Southern postmasters, Jenkins continued to discharge the duties of his office after his State had become a member of the new Confederacy. He did not resign his old position under the Federal government. He simply ignored the department at Washington, and proceeded to act as postmaster without a commission until he received one from the Confederate authorities at Richmond.

Everything was in their favor, Jenkins and his wife supposed, and they did not dream of any trouble.

The two made up and distributed the mails, as usual, and the government envelopes and stationery in the office were sold to the Confederates who needed such supplies. The entire stock then on hand was worth only a few dollars, and Jenkins knew that he could settle the account with Uncle Sam at moment's notice.

The night after he had received his commission from Richmond the postmaster and his wife discussed the situation at the supper table.

"Let me tell you," said the head of the family, "some of our big men may get into serious trouble. The officers in the United States army who have gone into the Confederate service before they resigned, or before their resignations were accepted, are in great danger."

"In what way," asked Mrs. Jenkins.

"Why, to put it in plain English, they were thereby, 'they have committed high treason, and if the Federals ever get hold of them, there will be the biggest hanging bee ever known in the history of the world.'"

Mrs. Jenkins paused a moment, and it was evident from the expression of her face that she was absorbed in deep thought.

Her husband casually glanced across the table and his wife's anxious look startled him.

"What is the matter, Sallie?" he asked excitedly.

"It seems to me, Dink," she replied, "that we are in the same boat with the officers who speak of it as being guilty of high treason, we are guilty, too."

"Great Caesar!" exclaimed Jenkins. "How do you make that out?"

"You did not resign your commission as postmaster," said the little woman. "You were right about it, your business and took the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy, and accepted for it an appointment to the very office which you were then holding under a commission from the United States government. That looks like treason to me, and as for your assistant in the office I am a traitor also."

"I never thought of it in that light," said her husband gloomily.

"Nor did I think of it," was the reply, "until your talk about the army officers suggested it."

Mrs. Jenkins suddenly left the table and made a dash into the next room. She returned in a moment with a book in her hand.

"Here's a law book," she said, "which was left here by Squire Jones. Let us see what it says about high treason."

It was an old English book, but the young couple took it for granted that it was good authority.

They slowly and painfully plodded through hundreds of pages, and they felt more discouraged every moment.

At midnight the book was laid aside and two very pale faces confronted each other over a table laden with supper.

"We are in for it," groaned the chief criminal.

"I am afraid so," chimed in his associate and partner. "Now, state briefly your conclusions."

"According to this book," said the postmaster, "we are guilty of high treason. No doubt about that. The punishment is the most terrible I ever heard of. Our property will be confiscated; our blood will be attainted, and we are not to benefit of clergy. They will drag us on hurdles to the place of execution, where they will hang us and then cut us into four quarters. Our heads will be hung up in some public place for the people to gaze upon."

"The mean, low-lived rascals!" commented Mrs. Jenkins. "I never heard of such treatment for a lady."

"Nor I either," said her husband, "but you see we have never looked into this matter before."

"What shall we do?" asked the woman tearfully.

"I have a scheme," whispered the other. The guilty conspirators put their heads together and conversed in a low tone for a half hour.

They rushed from room to room and worked hard for an hour or two.

They packed two valises with their best garments and a few articles of value, and divided their money between them.

The good people of Cottonville were much disturbed by the disappearance of the postmaster and his wife the first day, but when they failed on return to the following day the matter was investigated.

It was quite a mystery to the few families in the neighborhood, but nobody was enterprising enough to offer a reward or follow the missing couple, and the exciting events of the war soon turned the thoughts of the people into other channels.

Another postmaster was appointed, and Cottonville moved along serenely.

Two years after the surrender a matter of business made it necessary for me to visit Western Texas.

It was in the spring, and the prairies were just getting into their most picturesque dress when I rode, late one afternoon, to the summit of a range of hills and looked down into the valley.

I saw before me a large and apparently thoroughly cultivated farm, with a handsome residence, substantial barns and stables, and in the various pastures I could see fine herds and herds of cattle.

The owner of this place was a prosperous man, and he had selected an ideal locality for his home.

I had to stop somewhere for the night, and I did not feel like passing this attractive place. Of course, the people would give me a cordial welcome. A stranger may count on hospitality everywhere in Texas.

In ten minutes I was standing on the piazza of this pretty frontier home, shaking hands with its owner, while a cow-boy was leading a horse to the stable.

"Glad to see you, sir," said my host. "My name is Jenkins—Dink Jenkins. Very

CONFEDERATE POSTMASTER.

Chicago Times-Herald. When George succeeded from the Union Dink Jenkins was the postmaster at Cottonville, which was then a little hamlet of a dozen houses.

Jenkins was a young fellow, about 25 years old, and he was assisted in the post-office by his wife, a pretty little woman who was very popular in the settlement.

The office occupied a front room in the Jenkins cottage, which was surrounded by a well-tilled farm, just large enough to support the postmaster and his wife.

Following the example of the other Southern postmasters, Jenkins continued to discharge the duties of his office after his State had become a member of the new Confederacy. He did not resign his old position under the Federal government. He simply ignored the department at Washington, and proceeded to act as postmaster without a commission until he received one from the Confederate authorities at Richmond.

Everything was in their favor, Jenkins and his wife supposed, and they did not dream of any trouble.

The two made up and distributed the mails, as usual, and the government envelopes and stationery in the office were sold to the Confederates who needed such supplies. The entire stock then on hand was worth only a few dollars, and Jenkins knew that he could settle the account with Uncle Sam at moment's notice.

The night after he had received his commission from Richmond the postmaster and his wife discussed the situation at the supper table.

"Let me tell you," said the head of the family, "some of our big men may get into serious trouble. The officers in the United States army who have gone into the Confederate service before they resigned, or before their resignations were accepted, are in great danger."

"In what way," asked Mrs. Jenkins.

"Why, to put it in plain English, they were thereby, 'they have committed high treason, and if the Federals ever get hold of them, there will be the biggest hanging bee ever known in the history of the world.'"

Mrs. Jenkins paused a moment, and it was evident from the expression of her face that she was absorbed in deep thought.

Her husband casually glanced across the table and his wife's anxious look startled him.

"What is the matter, Sallie?" he asked excitedly.

"It seems to me, Dink," she replied, "that we are in the same boat with the officers who speak of it as being guilty of high treason, we are guilty, too."

"Great Caesar!" exclaimed Jenkins. "How do you make that out?"

"You did not resign your commission as postmaster," said the little woman. "You were right about it, your business and took the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy, and accepted for it an appointment to the very office which you were then holding under a commission from the United States government. That looks like treason to me, and as for your assistant in the office I am a traitor also."

"I never thought of it in that light," said her husband gloomily.

"Nor did I think of it," was the reply, "until your talk about the army officers suggested it."

Mrs. Jenkins suddenly left the table and made a dash into the next room. She returned in a moment with a book in her hand.

"Here's a law book," she said, "which was left here by Squire Jones. Let us see what it says about high treason."

It was an old English book, but the young couple took it for granted that it was good authority.

They slowly and painfully plodded through hundreds of pages, and they felt more discouraged every moment.

At midnight the book was laid aside and two very pale faces confronted each other over a table laden with supper.

"We are in for it," groaned the chief criminal.

"I am afraid so," chimed in his associate and partner. "Now, state briefly your conclusions."

"According to this book," said the postmaster, "we are guilty of high treason. No doubt about that. The punishment is the most terrible I ever heard of. Our property will be confiscated; our blood will be attainted, and we are not to benefit of clergy. They will drag us on hurdles to the place of execution, where they will hang us and then cut us into four quarters. Our heads will be hung up in some public place for the people to gaze upon."

"The mean, low-lived rascals!" commented Mrs. Jenkins. "I never heard of such treatment for a lady."

"Nor I either," said her husband, "but you see we have never looked into this matter before."

"What shall we do?" asked the woman tearfully.

"I have a scheme," whispered the other. The guilty conspirators put their heads together and conversed in a low tone for a half hour.

They rushed from room to room and worked hard for an hour or two.

They packed two valises with their best garments and a few articles of value, and divided their money between them.

The good people of Cottonville were much disturbed by the disappearance of the postmaster and his wife the first day, but when they failed on return to the following day the matter was investigated.

It was quite a mystery to the few families in the neighborhood, but nobody was enterprising enough to offer a reward or follow the missing couple, and the exciting events of the war soon turned the thoughts of the people into other channels.

Another postmaster was appointed, and Cottonville moved along serenely.

Two years after the surrender a matter of business made it necessary for me to visit Western Texas.

It was in the spring, and the prairies were just getting into their most picturesque dress when I rode, late one afternoon, to the summit of a range of hills and looked down into the valley.

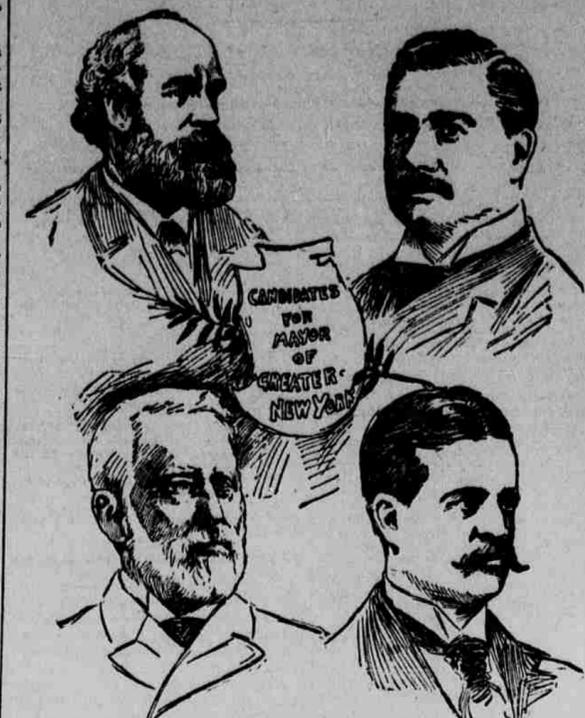
I saw before me a large and apparently thoroughly cultivated farm, with a handsome residence, substantial barns and stables, and in the various pastures I could see fine herds and herds of cattle.

The owner of this place was a prosperous man, and he had selected an ideal locality for his home.

I had to stop somewhere for the night, and I did not feel like passing this attractive place. Of course, the people would give me a cordial welcome. A stranger may count on hospitality everywhere in Texas.

In ten minutes I was standing on the piazza of this pretty frontier home, shaking hands with its owner, while a cow-boy was leading a horse to the stable.

"Glad to see you, sir," said my host. "My name is Jenkins—Dink Jenkins. Very



HENRY GEORGE, GENERAL B. F. TRACY, RETH LOW, ROBERT A. VAN WYCK.

few travelers pass this way. Hope you will stay several days with us."

Then Mrs. Jenkins came to the front, smiling and hospitable, and in her wake followed several youngsters who seemed anxious to make friends with me.

Wallace Putnam Reed.

DANA SLANDERS GEORGIA.

Atlanta Journal. Editor Dana of the New York Sun hates Georgia and everything and everybody wearing the Georgia brand.

When he is not abusing Georgia he ridicules her, and when ridicule fails he slanders her.

The other day he attacked Atlanta, and said that she was in "an indescribably filthy condition" when the yellow fever broke out in New Orleans.

Fortunately, this falsehood was discounted in advance by the recent Federal official report, stating that Atlanta is the second cleanest city in the United States.

The editor of the Sun now discharges a broadside against Georgia in general, and Hogsaville in particular. He says of the Loftin affair:

"The white people at Hogsaville, who are described as most worthy and law-abiding, objected to the appointment of a negro as postmaster for their village, and they made an agreement among themselves to kill Loftin if he was appointed, and to kill any other negro who should succeed him. Loftin was shot from ambush, according to programme, as soon as he got the office; and notice was served on the Federal government that the remaining part of the compact would be carried out as soon as another negro was installed in the postoffice. Feeling runs very high among the Hogsaville citizens, and there is no doubt that they are determined to stand no nonsense from Washington in the matter."

In plain English, Editor Dana charges the whole people of Hogsaville with liberally conspiring to murder Loftin, or any other negro postmaster, and he says that they served notice on the government to that effect.

It is unnecessary to say that there is not a single fact in the case that affords the slightest ground for this wholesale and malignant indictment of a moral, peaceable and law-abiding community.

Editor Dana then humorously suggests that if a colored man wants to be postmaster in a Southern town he had better get himself elected by a popular vote of the patrons of the office. This suggestion, however, he attributes to Editor Godkin of the Evening Post.

After these preliminary flourishes in the field of fiction, the Sun's editor settles down to business and slugs this chunk of malice "into our midst," as it were:

"On the other hand, there are those who declare that the shooting of this poor negro is an affront than which there could be none carrying a more wanton or blacker infamy to the majesty and honor of the whole people of this proud country. They are in favor of punishing the assassin and protecting whomsoever the president chooses to appoint to postoffice duties, in any other office in Georgia, even if the entire arm of the United States stands with fixed bayonets around it."

"We do not sympathize with either of these views. One is beneath contempt, the other offers a remedy worse than the disease. There is a cure ready at Mr. McKinley's hands, mild, proper and effective postoffice. Let the white people in that neighborhood, if they can not endure a Federal servant who has been lawfully named and is faithfully performing his duties, go without the Federal postal service. Do not force them to the verge of their patience from a colored postmaster if it is repugnant to them. Give them full permission to get their mail from the nearest white postmaster. Let it be understood that this is the policy of the administration regarding any place, great or small, North or South, where the postmaster is in danger of assassination or maltreatment from the chivalrous people of the neighborhood. Probably after one noteworthy application of this policy the killing of negro postmasters will cease."

Read between the lines, this remarkable editorial is simply an appeal to the Federal government to pursue a policy which will provoke resentment and resistance in some Southern communities, and afford the government a pretext for renewing the force bill or again turning the Southern States into military districts under bayonet rule.

With this brief presentation of the matter, Editor Dana may very well be left to the tender mercies of his esteemed contemporaries. For forty years they have branded him as a hater of all human kind; a cruel coward in war; a treacherous partizan in peace; a defamer of dead men; a faithless friend; an unscrupulous foe, and a brave fighter only when he is attacking

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

New York, October 1.—The nomenclature was made than 100 indictments are records of the court of the courts here are not in jail.

Owing to ill health Edward owner of one-half interest in house, has disposed of his thing over \$200,000 to a stranger Caddagan will not be the shuffler.

A gas explosion ripped up Wall street today, and the only thing that can be said is the flood that would follow out of all the water in the inundated there.

The Tenderloin is on its Among the prisoners at the ket court this morning there who had been arrested in the precinct. The record is that the time from the jail and far between for some

The chamber of commerce give the new "Del" a grand November 23 the chamber's will be pulled off at Delma avenue temple of gastronomy \$50 a plate. The chamber dubbed the Society for the of Gluttony.

A new wrinkle in the moting line is the formation pany, with a capital of \$100,000 each, to deal in postage stamps. lectors. If stock in such a pany to collect the thoughts of people who are apt to be led astray prospectuses. Prosperity is gaudy.

The proud distinction of mother when only 34 years of by a proud mother on the At first glance this grandd at 25 and she is probably the in the world one would pick entitled to such honors. She the lesson of how to be though married.

The North German Lloyd broken were thronged this Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, passenger steamship affair. All the way up from quarant that had lowered the record ampton and had made the maiden trip yet recorded, was passing craft, and when she into a view from Hoboken the loud and prolonged. Marlan agree that the big ship will time on her return trip. "The five days" is now the cry.

Absent property owners "let" signs here must employ or suffer. The small boy is active, and the junk man is science work talking about. left today of a small building and Park streets are the window panes, shelving, pipes, frames and everything else been taken away for home sale to the junk dealer. owner not receiving a agent, stating that his building carried away piecemeal, the would not now be standing, a monument to the blindness of and the precociousness of gains of this imperial city.

Society, deprived of great winter, is scratching its in search of novelties for ment. The National Society of land Women is the first in the fresh idea. Those women, who turned the Waldorf's ballroom for corn husking purposes, are an entertainment on a grand scale at the Metropolitan opera the evening of November 26. ate scheme they have in view according to the wishes of oric it will truly be, as they matic and